



laus

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WHITE



CAPS

1943



E, the Class of 1943, dedicate this Yearbook to Dr. Meyer, whose advice and counsel has made us deeply appreciative of his worth.

TO DR. MEYER

TUNE: "The Martins and the Coys"

Dr. Meyer and his students
In the O. R. show their prudence,
And we like him in every single mood.
When he grumbles and he "growels"
And he musses up the towels—
We know he does it for the patient's good.

Dr. Meyer and Miss Gordon
Always feudin' in the mornin'
Deliverin' babies is the cause of all their woe.
When the baby has descended
You would think it would be ended,
But they go right on a-feudin' as befoe.

Bright and early on Monday morning, In the A. R. Dr. Meyer will appear. With his sutures and his scissors He is really quite a wizard As he sews back on that torn off ear.

Now we hope we've made it clear,
For we've tried to be sincere—
How we trust him in everything he does,
Though he scribbles up our charts,
He is deep within our hearts,
And he ranks among the best there ever wuz.

White Cap Board

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CLASS MOTTO

"The Heart to Desire, the Mind to Direct, the Hand to Execute."

CLASS FLOWERS

CLASS COLORS

Gardenia and Forget-Me-Not

Blue and White

CLASS ADVISER

Edith L. Lindberg

0

CLASS SONG

TUNE: "I'll See You Again"

We'll see you again,
Through all the years,
We'll remember when . . .
Time may lie heavy between,
But what has been, is past forgetting,
These sweet memories,
Across the years, come back to me,
Though our worlds may go astray,
Always in our hearts you'll stay,
Vassar, you're the emblem of our love.

0

CLASS SONG

TUNE: "This Is The Army"

We're from the Vassar Training School, No private bath or swimming pool, You had your breakfast at ten before, But you won't get it then any more.

Do what the T. S. O. commands,
Now you're in training and you're in demand,
We've put in three years toward our goal,
We've given with our heart and soul,
You have the spirit to carry on,
And this you must do when we're gone.



In appreciation of EDITH L. LINDBERG our friend and adviser

When we entered Vassar three short years ago, She was here to greet us
And to show us where to go.
With twinkling eye and cheerful smile
She banished our every woe
And helped us out along the way
When we were feeling low!

In her uniform of white
She looked so clean and neat,
And as she walked the corridors
We found her hard to beat.
And now as graduation time draws near
She will help us just the same
And always in our hearts we'll hear
The echo of her name.



RACHEL F. McCRIMMON

Director of School of Nursing

Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



RACHEL E. COLE

Ass't Director of School of Nursing

Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



SARA L. SWEET

Director of Education

Graduate of Newton Hospital



EDITH L. LINDBERG Instructor of Nursing Arts Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital



ROSE COLTON

Assistant Instructor

Graduate of Vassar Brothers' Hospital

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DIETITIANS M OW



A. P. TESKE





E. M. CRAWFORD



FOR FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

You never spared yourself in any way,
And there are those who follow your routine.
If you were here, you would be glad today
To see how far your lamp has thrown it's sheen:
The Russian nurse handing the instruments
Halting the wounded life trying to flee,
Fighting the cold in front-line first aid tents;
The French or Greek nurse, now no longer free,
Struggling and starving with her broken nation;
The Chinese nurse—the list grows very long

Everyone would win your approbation
And you, in whom self-sacrifice was strong,
Could never ask for more in time of war
From those who served on bombed Corregidor!

Officers 1943

DUNLAVEY, JESSIE M. President
"JESS"

Wingdale, N. Y.

My candle hurns at both ends; It will not last the night; But, ah. my foes, and, oh, my friends— It gives a lovely light.







ST. LEGER, VIRGINIA M.

Vice President

"SAINT"

Kingston, N. Y.

I slept, and dreamed that life was Beauty; I woke and found that life was Duty.

Officers 1943

SUSMAN, HELEN H. Secretary "SUDSY"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The very room—
'Cuz she was in—
Was warm from floor to ceilin' . . .







PIERSON, HELEN E. Treasurer

"PIERSY"

Millbrook, N. Y.

My possessions belong to my friends
But I must have it known.
Though freely I'd part with my wealth
My time is all my own.



ANDERSON, SHIRLEY D.

"ANDY"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

When people's ill, they comes to I, I physics, bleeds, and sweats 'em; Sometimes they live, sometimes they die . . . What's that to me? I let's 'em!!



BARNES, ROSEMARY K.

"ROSIE"

Detroit, Michigan

I've shut the door on yesterday
And thrown the key away—
Tomorrow holds no fears for me
Since I have found today.



BELL, RUTH H.

"RUTHIE"
Milton, N. Y.

When I consider men of golden talents,
I'm delighted in my introverted way
To discover, as I'm drawing up the balance,
How much we have in common.

COVEY, CAROLYN E.

"COVEY"

Valatia, N. Y.

Here's a sigh to those who love me, And a smile to those who hate, And whatever sky's above me Here's a heart for any fate.



EMERSON, MARION I.

"EMY"

Middletown, N. Y.

Books are keys to wisdoms treasure, Books are gates to lands of pleasure, Books are paths that upward lead, Books are friends, come, let us read.



HAYDE, KATHERINE V.

"KAY"

Lakeville, Conn.

This world that we're a-livin' in Is mighty hard to beat; You get a thorn for every rose, But aren't the roses sweet.





HICKS, ELIZABETH R.

"BETTY"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

I chatter, chatter as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.



HIRST, EILEEN M.

"HIRST"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

You cannot choose your battlefield, The Gods do that for you, But you can plant a standard Where a standard never grew.



HUBNER, LOUISE M.

"HIBBY"

Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

For the good are always the merry, Save by an evil chance, And the merry love the fiddle And the merry love to dance.

HYATT, GLORIA A.

"GLORIA"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

The things in life I really want
Are all quite moderate and wise—
The foolish things I think I want
Are just to dazzle other's eyes!



KNAPP, BLANCHE C.

"KNAPPY"

North Clove, N. Y.

It is good to be merry and wise
It is good to be honest and true,
'Tis well to be off with the old love
Before you go on with the new.



MASON, MARION E.

"MASON"

Pawling, N. Y.

The fabric of my life is gray, Hard work in one small place. I'll concentrate on trimming it With lots of laughs for lace.





NEWMAN, IRENE E.

"RENEE" East Park, N. Y.

Mid pleasures and palaces, Though I may roam Be it ever so humble,

Theres no place like home!



PUCKEY, SARA M.

"PUCK"

Peekskill, N. Y.

To live with leisure every day
And never fret or worry,
Will make each hour twice as long—
No one has time to hurry.



PUTNAM, ELEANOR J.

"PUT"

Binghamton, N. Y.

I think of witty things to say I'd be considered bright, Except I always think them In the middle of the night.

ROBERTSON, JEANNE E.

"JEANNIE" New Kingston, N. Y.

A little nonsense now and then Is relished by the best of men.



ROBINSON, EDNA RUTH

"ROBBIE"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Gosh!! I feel like a real good cry.
Life, he says, is a cheat, a fake.
Well, I agree with the grouchy guy—
The best you can get is an even break.



SHAKER, HELEN V.

"SHAKE"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

My good blade carves the casques of men; My tough lance thrusteth sure, My strength is as the strength of ten Because my heart is pure.





SMITH, MILDRED A.

"SMITHY"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Thoughts too deep to be expressed And too strong to be suppressed.



STEELE, SHIRLEY A.

"SHIRLEÉ"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

I love to have a charge account It makes for painless buying. Except that when the bills come in My family is so trying.



TAMMANY, MIRIAM E.

"MIMI"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Conventions cramp my sweeping style— Why should I be ruled by custom? Rules were only made I think For those who are too weak to bust 'em.

VAN PELT, CAROLYN J.

"VAN"

Beacon, N. Y.

The Laws of God, the Laws of Man, He may keep that will and can; Not I; let God and Man decree Laws for themselves but not for me!



WILLIAMS, RUTH E.

"RUTHIE"

New Rochelle, N Y.

Although I side with optimists
And think they have the right of it,
I'm not just glad because of life
But oft in spite of it.



YANKOWSKI, CECELIA J.

"CIEL"

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

I feel me near to some High Thing That earth awaits from me But cannot find in all my journeying What it may be.



Army Talk -- V. B. H. Edition

PX—post exchange	Cuphoard
S.O.S.—service of sup	oply Nile's storeroom
Hash mark	Rive hand
Pill Rollers	
Fatigues	
Civvies	
Brass Hats	
M.P.	
Dawn Patrol	George
Barracka 12	O. R. Procedure Book
Barracks 13	
	Intramuscular Needle
Hashburner	
Slipping the Clutch	Apple Polishing
Blitz-krieg	Appendectomy by Dr. Malven
Angels Whisper	Dr. Lewis and his "Little Mothers"
Lieutenant's Bars	
Armored Cow	Ward VI's Refrigerator
Battery Acid	
Blind Flying	
Bunk "flying"	Bunk Bedders Who Get Up At 6:59 A. M.
Dog Show	White Shoe Inspection
General's Quarters	
K.P	The D. K.
Furlough	Long Week-end
Ma-bel	Form of address for any nurse
Rookies	Probies
Shot Down In Flames	Reprimand From the T. S. O.
Sugar Report	A Letter From a Man
	Away Without Overnight Leave
G.I. Stuff	Our Bill-of-fare But it's good!
Jeep	Morgue Stretcher
Maneuvers	
	More and More of Less and Less
	Oftener and Oftener
Passing the Buck	What the doctor does to the supervisors:
	what the supervisor does to the charge
	nurse; what the charge nurse does to the
Trench	studentsBottom floor of Home I
Goldbricking	Locking from of Home I
Goldbricking	Looking busy with a dust cloth in your
Riding the Sick Book	Goldbricking the easy way by pretending
	to be ill.
Blanket Drill	Sun bathing in back of T. H.
Batting the Breeze	Bull-shooting
O. D	Miss McCrimmon .



OUR CORPORALS

CLASS OF 1944

We've been here now, for over a year And much, we've seen and done. We'll keep on and do our best, 'Till at last our pins are won. We have felt the weakening pulse And eased the final breath—We've closed the curtains of this life Upon the scene of death.

We've seen the miracle of birth, And matched the joy with smiles. We know the triumph in defeat Of the valley's shadowed miles. We've felt the grasp of the pained And seen the tears and sweat. We've come to love the trusting look, And aid the faltering step.

The sadness which seems great today— Tomorrow will be gone, And, we the class of '44 Will proudly carry on.

-Marjorie Ollivett.



CLASS OF 1945 OUR PRIVATES

CAPPIES



CLASS OF 1945

All in a lifetime

A probie's life,
In her conclusion,
Is one of hard work
—and confusion

A student nurse, The next in line, Says "None can be More hard than mine"

The senior, in Her role of Master, Says only, "Why Can't time go faster?"

The supervisor, Wise and stern, "Will these poor students
Never learn?"

Internes five,
All men of might
"Must all these things
Arise at night?"

Everyone,
It's plain to see,
Has some complaint
But what of me?

I've only one
It seems so small,
"Why was I ever
Born at all?"

—D. C.

WISHIN'

Bluster and buster,
Grumbles and groans,
Anger and tears,
And then some moans
Haven't you heard them
Time and again?
When there was no reason
For all such din?
And haven't you wanted,
Oh, yearned for it so
To provide a reason
To warrant such woe.

—D. C.

A pleasing smile So little to ask Puts life and hope Into any task



NEW RECRUITS

PROBIES ON REVIEW

A bunch of frightened probies

We're standing filled with awe,
We stood there while Miss Lindberg

Was laying down the law.
We stood there at attention

Our knees were always weak
And everytime someone passed us by

They were SURE to speak:—
"You now are student puress."

They were SURE to speak:—
"You now are student nurses,
In a profession fine."
And then begins to give us

That old familiar line.

"Tho you are young and innocent
And have a lot to learn
A few weeks on ward duty
And your board and keep, you'll earn!"
We started out, right on the job,
In classes and on duty,

But now and then we fall asleep, Especially Miss Luty!

Mattresses we've learned to fling
And with good luck, we'll need no sling.
Ask Delamater any day

She'll show you the hardest way!
As for uniforms we think they're tops
All we need now are caps for our mops!

There's lots of things we have to take

But on the whole we think it's great.

-E. D.



This Post-War World, 1972

The weather's fine for flying . . . and since we Gremlins have a long week-end, let's pay a visit to a few of our friends in the Class of '45 . . . now long graduated from Vassar Brotners Hospital. Of course, you've neard of vASSAR HOSPITAL . . . It was last year's winner of the famous Bulbitizer prize in the field of youth restoration (Vassar Alumnae please note: there is no longer a ward 2).

So, we jump into a Rocket ship and first zoom up to Mars to have lunch with Kay Hayde and Flash—they're really doing big things on that planet . . . We find one of the guests at our table is Jeanne Robertson who just "blew in" from the stratosphere. In this world of realistic advertisements, she rides the "flying red hoise" representing

"Sokony" petrolene.

Boom! Off into space again (but the spaces are getting smaller). What's that!—it was Eileen Hirst parachuting through mid air. Remember Eileen in the last war? She was Queen of the Paratroopers on skis . . .! Cruising along, we press a button on the dash and who flashes on the screen but Marion Mason, who now sings for "Carter's Little Liver Pills" on a planet to planet hook up. Her theme song is "You Started Something." As Miss Mason's sweet voice fades into the distance, the newscaster reports that Virginia St. Leger and her scintillating Satellites will be zooming up to Saturn for a command tap dance performance before the King and Queen. We remember the times when Virginia very diligently ran through her routine on second floor Tower o. n. . . . have you ever seen a dream walking?—well we did!!!

Still floating through space, we travel to the end of the rainbow. There we see Helen Pierson with both hands in the pot of gold . . . still trying to figure out who in the Class of '43 didn't pay her dues. At the other end of the rainbow is Mildred Smith, in a quandry as usual—she could have sworn the pot of gold was at that end!!

Ho, hum, let's increase our speed! Jivin' their way on a cosmic ray are Louise Hubner and Helen Susman, who have just introduced a new version of the "goose-step" in boogie woogie tempo . . . still regretting they didn't develop it sooner . . . so they could do it "RIGHT IN DER FUEHRER'S FACE".

Flying along we pass Mimi Tammany and Reds in their supercharged convertible B-29, en route for church. As we soar over Iceland, we see none other than that exotic Shirlee Steele romping in the sun with her 400 prize Russian wolfhounds. A fashion plate as usual, she is wearing one of the new plastic midriff ski suits, studded with Coca-Cola caps, salvaged from the war drive of 1943.

Among the Eskimos, we find little Betty Hicks, who now is a teacher. She manages to complete a course in Psychoanalysis, Psychoneuroses, Psychology, and Psychotherapy in the record time of "ten easy

lessons".

Pssh. Now for a quick jaunt over to Venus the land of voluptuous vanity. The Public Sanitation Department of this planet is under the eyes of Gloria Hyatt who keeps the skyways clean with her long sweeping eyelashes. The brilliance of the billboards attracts us as we see that man has done it again with his latest figure, Blanche Knapp, by "Peattie". As we stand gazing in enchantment, we hear a mighty rumble of a coach drawn by six white stallions—there she is "Queen of Them All" Rosemary Barnes. She introduced this dramatic means to carry out her duties as a visiting nurse,

Rocketing once more through space, a strange shape materializes, and after circling inquisitively we recognize the newly discovered planet, "BLOTTO". At the gate is "Peter" Sally Puckey picking a peck of pickled peppers. She tells us that some of our other friends are here too. Jessie Dunlavey, a famous Blottonion, widely known for her shimmering black hair, now sells same to Cupid for his bow-strings. As we round another corner we see Shirley Anderson peering out at us 'neath her peek-a-boo bang, groping her way along Grubb street about to apply for a position at "Kipp's Karnival of Kuties".

And now, we find some of our girls are still "down to Earth". We just have to light for a moment to see Irene Newman riding a Licycle, still unable to be coaxed into these new fangled autos with wings. Ruth Bell has gone far at V. B. H. That Victory garden she planted in '43 in back of Tower Home has blossomed into a flourishing apple orchard, and students now enjoy a nightly "appledunk" in Tower Home basement. Ruth tells us that Marion Emerson has finally realized her ambition, and is a G. I. Nurse on an Indian Reservation in Colorado. She now has ten wild Indians of her own. Next door, about a hundred miles away, we find Caroline Covey, established on a sheep ranch raising wool to pull over people's eyes . . .

Z-zzzzzzoom!!! Off again! After a world wide search for a suitable leading lady for the refilming of "Mrs. Miniver (formerly played by Greer Garson)—we find among the "stars" our own Eleanor Putnam, who has been chosen to play the role, and a right good job

she does of it too!

Our altitude is climbing . . . 10,000 . . 100,000 . . , 1,000,000. Ah, the wonders of this miraculous age-From this height we look out into a four dimensional world on the planet Pluto. Fascinated by the strange contours, we fly over a nearby cloud and stop for closer observation. Why some of our girls are up here too! None other than Cecelia Yankowski and Carolyn Van Pelt rush up to our ship to greet us. They are both drinking a double chocolate malted and we note numerous chocolate bars protruding from their pockets . . . yet the girls are slim!!! Puzzling?? We remember the times they exercised and dieted religiously to keep their weights down. Oh, of course, we must remember that the fourth dimension takes care of any misplaced poundage; so why should they worry????

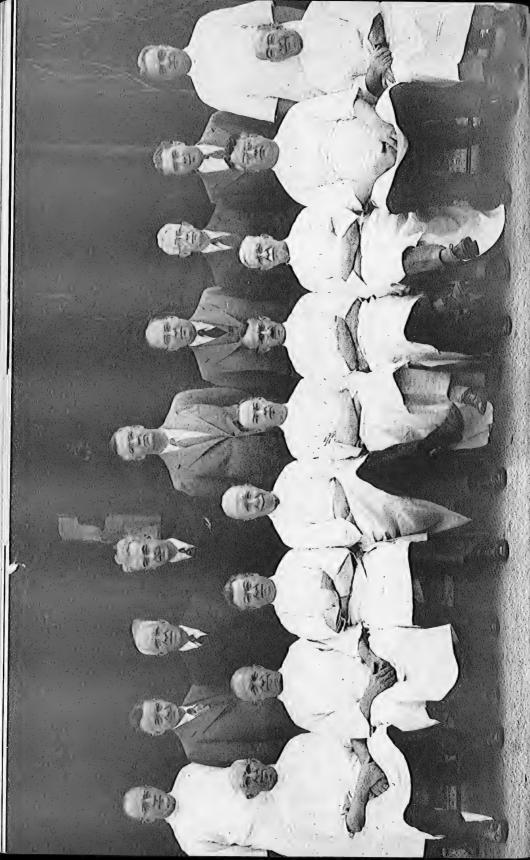
Some of the easiest paths to travel in this world are the magnetized moon rays. So in order to economize on our petrol, we turn our metallic magnetrole. In a split second we are among the craters of the moon. There is Edna Ruth Robinson with a lamp in her hand . . . somebody must have told her there was a lady as well as a man-

in-the-moon.

Another inhabitant of this rather barren yet romantic country is Ruthie Williams. Yes, we really expected to find her here—she was "moonstruck" back in April 1943, and the spell has lasted. Ruthie tells us that Helen Shaker too is now happily married. You'll never guess to whom! Yes, that Latin American interne Vassar had in the summer of '43 (remember that silly rumor that we were to get no internes??) -Senor Le Vine Tu-ba from Cuba. Leave it to our dark haired beauty to nab the only interne!!!!

Well, it's almost 10:15 p. m. and we must be off for Vassarelse one of our four weekly late leaves will be forfeited. With a few twists of the wrist the ship whizzes through the heavens and we bid

"au-revoir" to the Class of nine-teen hundred forty-three.





Maj. Louis Stoller



Capt. John Mead



Capt. Victor Bacile



Capt. Maxwell Goss



Maj. Neil Stone



Lt. Col. John Rogers



Capt. Archie Neighbors



Maj. H. W. B. Stibbs



OUR INTERNES

TUNE: "Move It Over"

If you're in trouble, there's a double, Ladue and Whitney sure are hard to beat, It may be O. B's or only D. T's That work is just their meat.

Dr. Blase, he has a motto, It's something that we really ought to try, Eat, drink, be merry, for tomorrow, Who knows but we may die.

Said Dr. Lewis to the patient, Keep your chin up, I will see you through, Said the patient to Dr. Lewis, You can do it too.

Said Dr. Pat to Dr. Blase, Don't you think the goin's kind of rough, Said Dr. Blase to Dr. Pat, I know old man, it's tough!

Now we're at war, Dr. Lewis, And these clamps are really hard to get!! Though you're a surgeon, when you break 'em, You really ought to sweat.

Oh! Dr. Pat, he's really suave, He's the model for an Arrow Shirt, When on duty, or with his cutie, The girls are all alert.

There's an interne, Dr. Ladue, He's the model for a Victory Suit, Though his trousers, they are cuffless, We think he's kind of cute . . . !

Said Dr. Lewis to Dr. Whitney, There's a cath, I haven't got the time," Said Dr. Whitney to Dr. Lewis, "I'll do it for a dime!"

50-50 PROPOSITION

Cheer up! You have two chances— One of getting the germ, and one of not; And if you get the germ, you have two chances One of getting the disease, and one of not; And if you get the disease, you have two chances One of dying, and one of not; And if you die, well you still have two chances!





Vassar Alumnae in the Service of Our Country

Twenty of our alumnae are in service now. We were unable to procure photographs of all, but fourteen are brought to you on the opposite page. Reading from left to right:

Top row:

Ensign Kathryn Van Valkenburgh, '41, Naval Hospital, Brooklyn Lieutenant Wilhelmina Weezenaar, '27, North Africa Ensign Betty Nicksie, '38, Naval Hospital, St. Albans, L. I. Lieutenant Priscilla Fullam, '40, Sheppard Field, Texas

Middle row:

Top, Lieutenant Marjorie Lasher, '41, Port of Embarkation, New Orleans, La.

Lower,

Lieutenant Bertha Dean, '27, Lieutenant Edith Lund, '33, } both in Panama Lieutenant Isobel Martin, '29, Fort Monmouth, N. J. Lieutenant Agnes Pierson, '39, Iceland Lieutenant Margaret Coyle, '36, Hawaii

Lower row:

Lieutenant Virginia Ackert, '40, India Katherine Sleight, '37, honorably discharged Lieutenant Betty Shepherd, '40, Sheppard Field, Texas Ensign Alice St. John, '39, New Zealand Ensign Esther Staples, '38, Naval Hospital, St. Albans, L. I.

Other Alumnae:

Lieutenant Dorothy Dallas, '35, last heard from in Iceland Lieutenant Mary Studley, '27, Fort Hamilton, N. Y. Lieutenant Florence Ellison, '31, Gouvenour Island, N. Y. Lieutenant Helen Chubb Del Guidice, '40, Fort Eustis, Va. Ensign Louise Ensign, '39, reported for duty May 18th, 1943 Janet Stahl, '39, Civilian Red Cross Worker, Hawaii

SPAM

The nurses here and the nurses there Know the meaning of despair They dream of sirloin steak and ham. But all they ever get is SPAM.

Oh, we are not the kind to kick When shells and bombs are flying thick, But tell us is it horse or ram Or burro meat that makes up SPAM?

When Christmas came the other day We got a package from the U. S. A. We'd hoped for boneless chicken, jam And chocolate cake—we just got SPAM.

A committee formed to send a note To Congress. "Gentlemen", we wrote "Please help us. Send us beef or lamb Or pork and beans, but no more SPAM".

We'll do our part with might and main: We'd really rather not complain. But lungs and heart and diaphragm Shout loudly, "Dear God, no more SPAM".

—Sent in for our Year Book by Lieutenant Weezenaar, from North Africa.

Vassar Victory Promotions

Captain Tschudin (240th Tailgunner Squadron) awarded the distinguished flying cross for outstanding rapidity in locating missing oxygen tents.

First Lieutenant E. O. Lewis to Captain, for his contribution to

speeding up production.

Tower Home Air Raid Warden, John Barth, awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for having Tower the most quickly evacuated building (see Freud's "Theories of Behavior").

First Lieutenant R. G. Paterson to Captain for unsurpassed apple-

polishing as applied to nurses.

Second Lieutenant Moquist to First Lieutenant, for unusual persistency in keeping the Tower Home "mess" halls from being just that! . .

Private Betty Hicks to Private First Class, for unusual diligence

in heating blood media by pouring into warm water . . . ?

Private Jeanne Robertson to Corporal, for giving out with such a bugling "good MO-R-RR-NING" at reveille.

Colonel Breed to Brigadier General for unusual strategy in hold-

ing up O. R. pants without a belt.

Corporal Martin DeMunn to Top Sergeant of the PX, for unusual

memory on the subject-"who has mail and who hasn't".

Quartermaster Grace Thompson awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for her foresight in providing us with three square meals

Private Lynn Brunner to Corporal for her generosity with her

commissary department.

Captain Christensen awarded the "Gulden's Mustard Medal of Merit" for having every patient admitted on his service plastered q.4h. Corporal Calvin Davis awarded the Iron Cross for his constantly

good disposition.

Sergeant George Carr awarded the "E" for Excellence for the speed with which he "runs" the O. B.'s from the main office to the

The Class of '44 the Recreation "E" for providing us with the

most enjoyable party of the year.

Captain Sara L. Sweet to Major for never failing to answer our \$64 questions.

Three-star General J. J. Weber to a Four-star General for con-

serving kilowatts.

To Lieutenant Frances Hritz a loving foot-cup in symbolization

of the efficient foot care on Ward 2.

Staff Sergeant Gene Williams to Top Sergeant for his superior intelligence in deciphering the night nurses census.

To Sergeant Solomon the Silver "V" for keeping the communica-

tion lines open under heavy fire!

To the back of Tower Home the Victory Seal for providing us

with a means of successful camouflaging. Private Winnie Hess to Corporal for providing our wounded

soldiers with Hi-Cal fruit juice-"made with milk."

Private George Penovi to Private First Class for diligence during

an 18 hour day. Sergeant Henning to a commissioned officer, so that she may march at the head of every parade.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

Below are listed the Famous Quotations of outstanding personalities at the Vassar Training Barracks. Count one point for each you can guess. Score of 20 to 25: You rank with a General; 15 to 20 a Lieutenant could do as well as this; 10 to 15 a Private's rating; under 10: you just don't get around.

1. "How's your wind. . . . ??"

2. "Well anybody could see that with the naked eye!"

3. "If I can't trust you-who can I trust?"

4. "I'll take that ring!!"

5. "Open the window and let in God's good air . . ."

6. "G-i-r-l-s, Ah'm b-a-c-k . . . "

7. "Beat me, all I can say is that's purely asinine!"

8. "Do I smell something burning?"

9. "Is it a man? . . .

10. "Women are all dumb, but nurses . . . Oh! my gosh!

11. "Have you a cigarette?"

12. "Last call for cereal this morning, it's the last call!"

13. "See me before the 15th!"

14. "Good evening, is your light on?"

15. "Say Mike, you'll never see this again!"
16. "Now when I was in the British Army . . ."

"Now when I wa
 "It's your fault!"

18. "Of course, you intend to nurse this baby."

19. "This week-end I'm gonna do it . . ."

20. "Now take me for instance . . ."

- 21. "Go to bed early! get up early! make your bed!
 22. "Oh! to be in England now that Bob is there . . .

24. "I feel for you . . ."

25. " * * * * * * * " (Censored)!

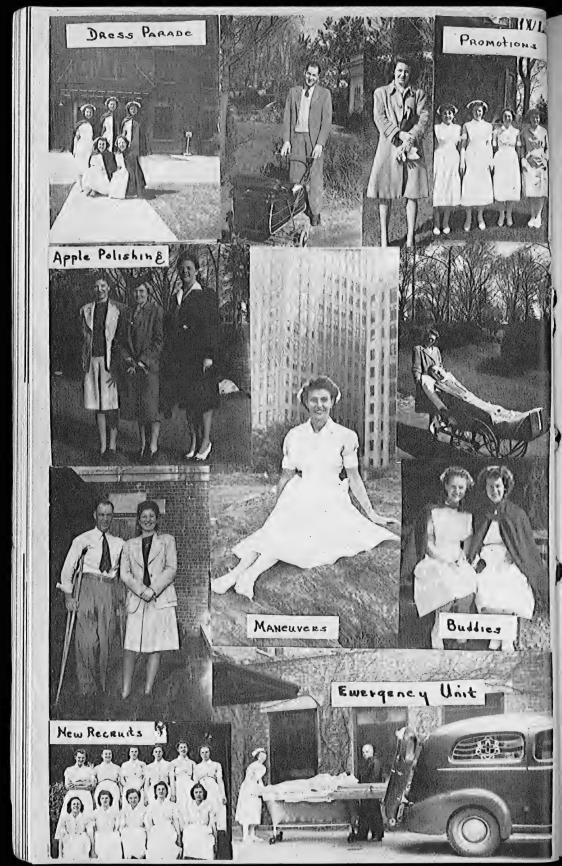
Solutions

- 1. Dr. LaDue 9. Frieda Mott 2. Miss Ferguson 10. Frank Murnaine
- 3. Miss McCrimmon 11. Louise Macy
- 4. Miss Sweet 12. Mike in the D.K. 21. Miss Cole
- 5. Jim (in the O.R.) 13. Mrs. Colton 6. Miss Dunwoody 14. Miss Davidson
- 7. Jeanne Robertson 15. Dr. Breed
- 8. Miss Teske 16. Dr. 17. Mort

- 18. Miss Bostion
- 19. Miss Beck
- 20. Dr. Gagan
- 22. Carolyn Van Pelt
- 23. Miss Moquist
- 24. Dr. Harrington
- 16. Dr. Thomson 25. Dr. Meyer

VASSAR

V-lewed from the banks, A-s the sun sinks behind S-taunch in its tracks, S-ound bearer of time; A-s a refuge for man R-emains ever sublime.



Corporal Dunwoody to Technical Sergeant on transfer from the "musics" to the "medicos".

Private Tammany to Corporal for her diligence in getting furloughs!

Private Conrow to Corporal for keeping her scissors sharp enough to cut infusion tubing.

Captain Jackson to Major, for never failing to hit the spinal canal on first try.

Mrs Hamel awarded the "Good Housekeeping Sign of Approval" for her dee-licious coffee.

Captain Townsend to Major for his interest in, and attention to student nurse's welfare.

Major E. Lindberg to General for successfully directing our three-year campaign!

To Vassar Hospital special citation from Uncle Sam for the Class of "44" in his Student Reserve Corps!



ARMY NURSES!

Sing us a song of pain and penance—
Army nurses are all Lieutenants.
Whether they're blondes, brunettes, or titians,
The hell of it is: they have commissions!
And privates, creatures of low degree,
Can dream but never hope to be
More to the nurses that win their hearts,
Than pulses, temperatures and charts.



Latest G. I. Orders

- 1. Tower Home shall have its own U. S. O. headquarters.
- 2. Dr. Blase shall wear a "Zoot Suit" with a "Reet Pleat".
- 3. Ward II shall have a man under seventy.
- 4. All graduates shall be as cheerful as Miss Dunwoody when working "on call".
- 5. Miss Cole shall come off Tower Home night duty.
- 6. Isolation rooms shall have flowered wallpaper and colored draperies.
- 7. Stella shall be on a coast to coast hook-up singing "Happy Birthday" songs.
- 8. A debate shall be conducted between Hitler and Miss Tschudin to see if he could possibly win.
- 9. Winnie Hess shall have a card catalogue to keep track of her belongings.
- 10. Mr. Paterson shall not have a bottle to fill on Saturday p. m.
- 11. Dr. Kahle must finish clinic by six p. m.
- 12. Tower Home must have a laundry chute.
- 13. Dr. Paterson must break his bottle of green ink.
- 14. The F. B. I. must find out whether or not the T. S. O. keeps a "little black book."
- 15. All internes must be as conscientious as Dr. Ladue.
- 16. The E. E. N. T. shall have a maid to do the housework.
- 17. Dr Moffit may say "ain't".
- 18. Dr. Voorhees must reveal whether or not it is "Kreml" he uses.
- 19. Dr Stoller must repair a break without breaking Jim's heart.
- 20. We shall nurse Dr. Peckham back to health in a hurry.
- 21. Dr. Roider shall direct a concert in Carnegie Hall (V. B. H. nurses of course).
- 22. Ralph Arico shall be back in the O. R. reciting "The Face on the Barroom Floor".
- 23. Miss Sandleben shall get an electric orange juice squeezer for 7 A. M. use.
- 24. All the class of '43 must get 100% on State Boards.

"A KNIGHT OF THE MOP AND BROOM"

With instruments of ersatz steel, each day of toil begins, With gloomy look and saddened mien, he contemplates our sins;

He scrubs and sweeps and dusts mayhap, His "good works" show as on a map.

But what does he do with our safety pins?

He loves the Irish, hates the Fins He seldom smiles, he never grins; (Maybe he eats the safety pins?)

Here's to the corners, neat and trim! His name? Well, we just call him Jim.

—Allana Krieger Jean Dunwoody Canteen

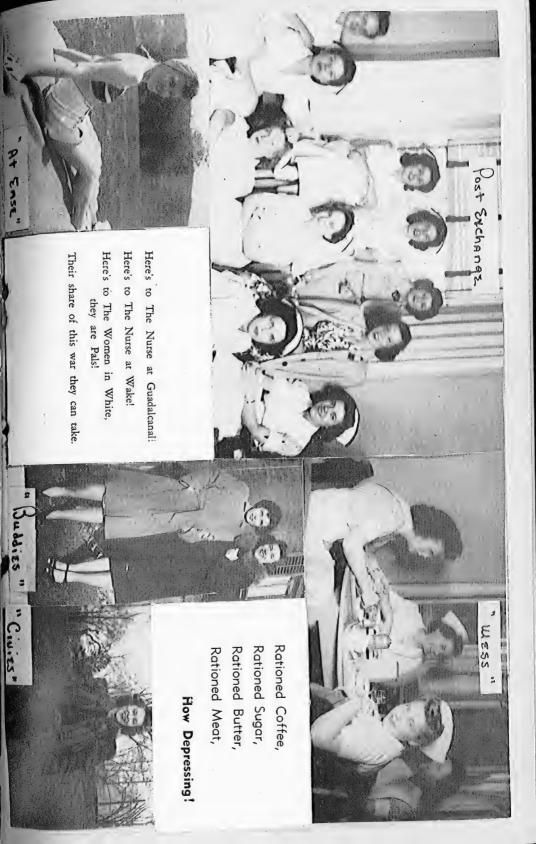
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K.P.

Admitting



Obituary to Class of 1943, V. B. H. N. T. S.

The top part of the class has already departed this undergraduate world of V. B. H. Three years ago they came in eleven and departed a select seven. Elaine Stewart, the only one of the four we knew, finally decided that Florida was a better place to spend the winter and left three months shy of finishing; she was a very good and pleasant nurse. Of the seven she left to finish one was a? blonde by name of Rosemary Barnes, who occasionally went to Detroit where someone had missed her. She was a good nurse and could even light lamps. Carolyn Covey also had an attractive hairdo, she said it was only water, she was a good nurse too. Katherine Hayde, a smooth little nurse, had an excellent vocabulary and if you called her Dolly or Babe you would soon find out. She lives near a little pond in Connecticut and, by the way, is an excellent nurse. Sally Puckey is quiet most of the time but you still don't miss her easily. Jeanne Robertson seems to like gold fish at times, a hobby not as well held by three of her select seven. "Van" Pelt, along with Barnes and Covey, was not to be an old maid, she seems to like corporals in England. Yankouski or have I

spelled it wrong, also graduated to complete the seven.

Of the lower half of the class, 24 started and 20 are finishing. Only one, Coons, left while we were here and Cupid had hit her. Of those left, Shirley Anderson leads the list, at least alphabetically and is a good nurse too. Ruth Bell is a very pleasant and efficient nurse, particularly well appreciated on the men's wards. Jessie Dunlavey has the features of an Irish lassie even to the sparkle in her eyes. Even the internes admit she's a good nurse. Marion Emerson sometimes can be found in left field or keeping the Army's morale up when she isn't making some old crock's life more comfortable. Elizabeth Hicks, or Ir. as some know her, is a handy one to have around on any wardshe is constantly on the go to do something for someone. Eileen Hirst, a most efficient nurse, even can play tennis at times but not as well as she nurses. Louise Hubner, a Wappingers girl, commutes often it seems, to see her mother she says, but she too can comfort patients easily. Gloria Hyatt, how's your sunburn? she helps make any ward click easily. Blanche Knapp can be found often fondling the kids on Wd. 5 when the diet kitchen can spare her; she does a good job too. Marion Mason, the girl with the musical voice; she and the O. R. get along very well when they have a chance. She too would rather not stay at home every nite; you might even find her with Hirst and Dunlavey up at the corner with a hamburger. I. Newman is a neat little blonde and a grand little worker. Her cheerful smile would speed up any patient's recovery. Helen Pierson a cheerful pleasant Swede if there ever was one; definitely a pleasure for anyone to work with anywhere. Eleanor Putnam or "Put" helps keep the world in its place and vice versa sometimes with Pierson's help; any ward is lucky to have her as charge nurse. Edna Robinson or "Robbie" has had her share of trouble lately but we all know she has finally got the better of it. Helen Shaker even knows her history, she may be quiet at times but by her work you know she's there. Mildred Smith sometimes surprises you with what she knows, but why? she can even make a mustard plaster or flaxseed poultice. Shirley Steele, the little girl who runs to the D. K. whenever she can get away from Wd V; she also likes extra curricular activities when she can stay awake. Virginia St. Leger will be a photographer soon it seems, she may as well as she has nursing down pat already. Helen Susman without the "el" is another good little nurse, you don't think she is small when you see her work. Miriam Tammany, the pride of the aviation cadets, even had to give the ones in Florida a break; they like blondes there it seems. She is the pride and joy of any world and a lot of fun to work with. Ruth Williams ends our list and as is fitting we do so with one of the best, as a nicer nurse would be hard to find in V. B. H.

On the whole, after working for nearly a year with this fine group of beauteous intellectuals, even we have to admit that they are pretty good, a great help to ourselves and the attendings and indispensable for the welfare of the patients. We wholeheartedly admit that a better

group of this size could not be found anywhere.

-THE INTERNES.

"RIGHT DRESS"! THE RANKS ARE JUDGING.

Most Intelligent-E. Hirst

Most Dignified—R. Bell

Most Respected—H. Shaker

Best Looking-M. Tammany

Hardest Worker-H. Pierson

Best Natured-Tie between B. Knapp and H. Susman

Most Likely to Succeed-E. Hirst

Most Popular-J. Dunlavey

Most Versatile-E. Hirst

Best Dancer-L. Hubner

"Smoothest"—J. Dunlavey

Best Singer-M. Mason

Best Sense of Humor-V. St. Leger

Teacher's Pet-I. Newman

Most Vivacious Personality— J. Dunlavey

Most Original-S. Steele

Most Polite—Tie between R. Williams and R. Bell

"The Best Line"-M. Tammany

Wittiest-Tie between V. St. Leger and E. Robinson

Best Athlete-E. Hirst

Teacher's Pest-Tie between E. Robinson and M. Tammany

Best to Work With-H. Pierson

Best Charge Nurse-H. Pierson

Senior We'd Like Best to Be Like-E. Hirst

MESSAGE FOUND IN A BOTTLE

Thrown From a Window at Harkness Pavilion

When next upon my narrow cot,
A prey to symptoms horrid,
I lie awake for fever's sake
Or hold my aching forehead,
Let doctors come and doctors go,
They'll meet with no resistance.
I'll guip the bitterest brew. But, oh,
Let nurses keep their distance.

For the hearts of nurses are solid gold, But their heels are flat and their hands are cold,

And their voices lilt with a lilt that's falser Than the smile of an exhibition waltzer. Yes, nurses can cure you, nurses restore you, But nurses are bound that they'll do things for you.

They make your bed up On flimsy excuses. They prop your head up And bring you juices.

They run with eggnogs from hither and thither.

They fling out your flowers before they wither. They fetch your breakfast at dawn's first crack. They keep on pleading to rub your back. With eau de Cologne they delight to slosh you. And over and over they want to wash you.

The nurse-at-night you can't recall. She's vaguer than a dream is; But when she whispers down the hall You think you're in extremis. The day nurse owns a beaming face Designed your soul to hearten, And speaks to you with studied grace As to a kindergarten.

Oh, the deeds of nurses are noble and pure, But they're always taking your temperature. And, dewy morn till the light grows paler, They guard you close as a Nazi jailer. They pull your shades and they shut your doors.

They snub convivial visitors.

Your veriest frown

They take to heart

Your veriest frown
They take to heart
And scribble it down
On a stealthy chart.
When you reach for a smoke they're there

to nab you. With pills they dose you, with needles they

jab you.

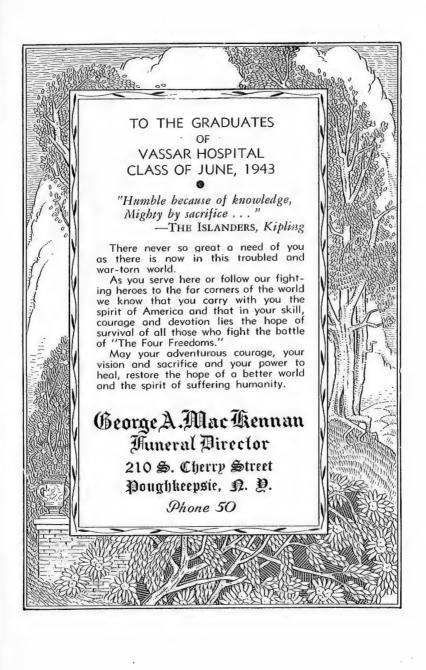
They order you porridge instead of kippers.

They steal your pencils and hide your slippers.

They eat the candy your friends bequeath,

And hourly urge you to brush your teeth.

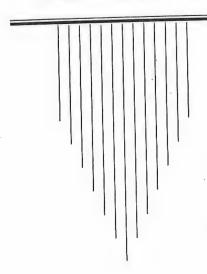
The tribe of Florence Nightingale,
Ah, let me not disparage.
How deft their ways with luncheon trays,
How masterful their carriage!
But when the pallid look I wear
That marks the Liquid Diet,
I wish they'd go some otherwhere,
And let me groan in quiet,
Abandoned to my germy nest,
Unnursed, unlaundered, unoppressed.



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SUSMAN—Oh, that's all right. I have to walk on them myself.

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"I already have one, thank you", she replied.

Then would you mind letting go of my necktie? said Ladue.

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WILLIAMS—It's a delayed action bomb, I'm taking it to the police station.
SMITH—Well, you shouldn't have a dangerous thing like that in the midst of all these passengers. Put it under the seat!

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MISS SWEET—What makes you think so? PROBIE—Well, you can catch cold!

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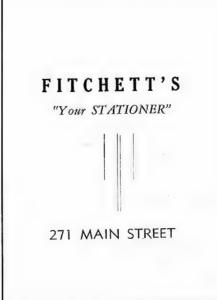
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HIRST—Now what'll I do? I want to borrow it again!

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